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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1901. NUMBER 1

Class Readings In The Bible

From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism

By

Walter L. Sheldon.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

1902

THIRTEENTH SEASON.

A FORECAST.

In view of the frequent criticism that the Tower Hill Summer School is tardy with its announcements and consequently misses the consideration it would receive at the hands of those who are forehanded and make their summer plans early, at the close of the successful season of 1901, the School itself took the next season's work into deliberate consideration and the officers were asked to take "time by the forelock" and promulgate this preliminary announcement immediately. This tentative program is born out of the very satisfactory experiences of the season of 1901 and has been so carefully thought out by the teachers and pupils of that School that it may be confidently counted upon subject to such modifications and improvement as time may develop.

DATES.—1902. July 13 to August 17, inclusive, representing five weeks of five days in the week, six Sundays.

FORENOONS.

SCIENCE, NATURE AND FIELD WORK, with special reference to the needs of children and young people and the teachers of such; 8:15 to 10:15 a. m. generally divided into two periods. Dr. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis., Professors W. S. Marshall, Mad'son, Wis., and T. R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Etta M. Bardwell, Ottumwa, Iowa, committee.

a. First week, general zoology; second and third weeks, insects; fourth week, animals from ameba to man.

b. Trees and flowers. First two weeks, flowering plants; second two weeks, trees and shrubs.

c. Birds throughout the season to suit the convenience of students.

d. Geology and astronomy, as convenient.

No text books or class exercises. The aim will be to study such life as abounds on and around the Hill, and to give such elementary interpretations and helps as will interest children and teachers in their work throughout the year and create a more lively appreciation of Nature's marvels.

LITERATURE.—10:30 a. m. to 12 m.

First Week.—Shelley and his Poet-train. Mr. Jones, leader.

Second Week.—Normal Sunday-school work. The sixth year in the "Seven years' course on Religion." "The Growth of Christianity"; The Literary, Art, Science and Biographical Stepping Stones of Progress Through the Nineteen Christian Centuries. Mr. Jones, leader.

Third Week.—The Arthurian Cycle. Miss Annie B. Mitchell, leader.

Fourth Week.—John Ruskin as a Student of Social Problems. Mr. Jones, leader.

Fifth Week.—Robert Browning's "Ring and the Book." Mr. Jones, leader.

AFTERNOONS.

No exercises. Sacred to sleep, silence and such walks, talks and drives as re-create.

EVENINGS.

Two lectures a week, freely illustrated with stereopticon. Committee: O. G. Libby, T. R. Lloyd Jones, Miss Gwen Jones, Chester Lloyd Jones and Miss Anna Nell Philip.

SUNDAYS.

Vesper Readings, 7:30, by Mr. Jones every Sunday evening. Three Sundays, double meetings, forenoon and afternoon; basket dinner in the woods; dinner, ice cream, etc., served in dining hall to those desiring it; *July 13*, Inauguration Day. "Nature Sunday"; *July 27*, "Farmers' Sunday"; *August 10*, Twenty-first Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting.

August 17, closing preaching services, 2:30 p. m.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

FOR UNATTENDED CHILDREN.—The experience of Miss Wynne Lackersteen in 1901, in taking charge of unaccompanied children, proved so successful that she will be prepared to give personal attention and direction of study and exercise to a few boys under fifteen congenial to one another. Similar arrangements can be made for a group of girls if desired.

BOYS' ENCAMPMENT.—For twenty boys or young men an encampment in charge of a special commandant under the direct instruction of professors of the University of Wisconsin will be organized. The camp will combine what is valuable in the discipline of a military encampment without the military spirit.

Library School.—Miss Evelyn H. Walker, graduate of the University of Chicago Library School and Librarian of All Souls Church, Chicago, as in 1901, will have a class in library work with special reference to the needs of small libraries, Sunday-school and public school librarians.

Sketching Class.—Tower Hill offers special attractions to the art student. A class in sketching and water colors will be organized under a competent teacher, special attention being given to such water color work as is now required of public school teachers, when desired by the students.

Sociability.—The atmosphere of the school is quiet. We seek to meet the needs of tired teachers, preachers and workers and life seekers who need renewal of nerve not the excitement of society, a re-creation of spirit better than a dissipation of energy. We seek to emphasize the solemnities of life rather than the trivialities. Simplicity of dress, quiet conversation and early retiring are the leading characteristics of the school which seeks to be a SCHOOL OF REST by being a school of thought. It seeks to strengthen character rather than to impart information, to generate wholesome enthusiasm rather than inculcate method. It is nonsectarian but religious, free but earnest.

For further information inquire of any of the undersigned officers, who solicit correspondence to the end that the needs and wishes of those who attend will be met as far as possible.

President—O. G. Libby, Ph.D., University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Vice-President—T. R. Lloyd Jones, Superintendent of Schools, Hartford, Wis.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 9 Aldine square, Chicago.

Additional Directors—Prof. W. S. Marshall, University of Wisconsin, Mad'son, Wis.; Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School, Hillside, Wis.; Miss Emma Saulsbury, Ridgely, Md.; Miss Cordelia Kirkland, 174 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago; Miss Juniata Stafford, Appleton, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, 1605 Kenwood Park Way, Minneapolis, Minn.; R. H. Denn'ston, University of Wisconsin, Mad'son, Wis.; Prof. E. C. Perisho, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Prof. W. H. Dudley, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Miss Amalie Hofer, 530 East Forty-seventh street, Chicago; Miss Elizabeth C. Buhmann, 456 field avenue, Chicago; Mrs. Hermann Hofer Hegner, 356 North Winchester avenue, Chicago; Mrs. H. D. Osgood, 162 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago.

Conductor, JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Tower Hill Summer Encampment

TWELTH SEASON.

This is the host of the above Summer School. It is equipped with a pavilion for meetings, a general dining-room, ice house, water works, cottages, longhouses, garden, team and buckboard and the services of a man who resides on the Hill throughout the year.

The season lasts from July 1 to September 15. House accommodations for about forty people. Applications for such should be made early. Accommodations in tents for all who may apply.

Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company can be obtained for twenty-five dollars, which carries with it the privileges of a building site. Private cottages can be built for from one hundred and fifty dollars upward. The company owns sixty-two acres of ground picturesquely situated on the Wisconsin River, three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the C., M. & St. P. R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison. It is on the list of summer resorts of the above railway and special round trip summer rates are given.

See "Bits of Wayside Gospel," first and second series, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published by Macmillan, for descriptions of Tower Hill and surroundings.

For further information, prices, etc., inquire of Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wisconsin, during the encampment; for the rest of the year, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, SETEPMBER 5, 1901. NUMBER 1

The prospectus for the Tower Hill Summer School for 1902, mentioned in our editorial and promised in last issue and unfortunately omitted in the makeup, will be found on the second page of this issue.

The sun-bonnet is the last equipment for the horse. Let not the woman on that account discard it. It is still a sensible protection for both women and horses.

The University of Birmingham, England, has called Prof. W. J. Ashley of Harvard University to organize a "Faculty of Commerce," another sign of the times. When commerce becomes academic it may after a while become ethical and finally spiritual.

The Evangelist of August 22d, begins the publication of a series of articles on "Modern Prophets." John Ruskin heads the list. There is great significance in this title. He who seeks to ameliorate the woes of life is a prophet whether he belongs to the eighth century B. C. or the nineteenth century A. D. And the prophet is the man of God, the messenger of peace, the leader of the people whenever or wherever he appears.

Alas! for King Edward who is now trying to undo the humane example and precepts of his benignant mother, and to override the scruples of the Duke of Portland, who is Master of Horse, by the re-establishment of the docking of tails and of the overcheck at the royal stables. Shame on the king! And eventually shame on the country that will be proud of such foolishness, to say nothing of cruelty, when exploited by somebody who wears a crown.

Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the Reform Bureau of Washington, in an address recently given at Cleveland, says:

"The anti-canteen forces should not stop with defensive battle, but demand an investigation by Congress of the War Department's part in this alleged conspiracy; the suppression of other government liquor selling in old soldiers' homes and immigrant stations; and especially the adoption of the well-developed plans of the British army for promoting soldierly abstinence, and for supplying the soldiers with facilities for passing the time pleasantly by entertainments and games, which pay for themselves by lessening disease, desertions and disorder.

The race is not always to the swift. America boasts of its progressive and liberal civic institutions, but it can offer no such record of sociological progress as the following. Glasgow has a municipal telephone system with five thousand subscribers on its books one-fifth of which are already connected. Tunbridge Wells has just installed a municipal system with three hundred and forty. The island of Guernsey has for two years had a public telephone system, and the *Chicago Tribune* says that the proportion of telephones to the population is greater here than in any other part of the kingdom. We know of no cities in America that have made as progressive a record, but great areas of the rural population of the west are closely connected by telephone systems that are almost free, the cost of installation and of maintenance is so nominal. The age of the telephone calls for new communications between religious institutions and church establishments.

In the *Outlook* for August 24th there is an interesting notice of the New York Summer School for Philanthropic Workers. This school is a significant sign of the times; it points out a new field of study, a new school of training, in short, a fresh equipment of religion. Here is a demand practically named, and calls for vast investment in the way of new institutions or wise adaptation of existing institutions; obviously the latter method is the wise one. It is the unoccupied field of the numerous theological schools throughout our land, schools that are begging for a constituency, schools whose want of students is more crying than their want of money or professors. Let them equip themselves for training in the direction indicated here and again their halls will be sought by the best young men and women of the country and the ministry again will begin to become a power. The treatment of needy families, the care of dependent, neglected and delinquent children, the institutional care of adults and neighborhood improvements all lie directly in the line of the new ministry and of the true church whatever may be its denominational affiliation or ecclesiastical purposes.

The *Chicago Tribune* in a recent editorial has a sharp and timely word to say about college songs and the vapidity of the enthusiasm that works itself off in meaningless lingo set to rag-time music. Far be it from UNITY to set itself up as a musical critic. We are little troubled either with classical or Puritan standards in this direction, but it is rather sad to find that young men and women upon whose education parents have lavished much hard earned money, who have given the best years of their lives to what they call "culture," have absolutely no musical resources at their "tongue's end" except the noisy and slangy dribble of the athletic field and the campus. All this is good as far as it goes. It is harmless and perhaps useful, but the group that can make the night uproarious with

these meaningless choruses ought not to be incapable of carrying through a hymn or even a national song without book, accompaniment and a wasteful amount of coaxing. Says Emerson, "That culture is defective that does not arm a man" and the soul is unarmed against certain dangers and weaknesses that is beyond the reinforcing reach of popular song and high psalmody. Professor Stand of the Chicago public schools, has been making a wise suggestion to President McKinley, when he asks that the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" in Spanish should be officially introduced into the public schools of the so-called "possessions" of the United States in the West Indies and in the Philippine Archipelago. Certainly they will remain "possessions" with all the humiliating implications of the term, until the children rejoice in singing the songs of their flag in their home vernacular. There is no musical culture worthy the name that does not carry with it the power and inspiration of patriotic and devout chorus.

Concerning Hymns.

We have but little sympathy with the flippant way in which the daily press has treated the recent criticism of popular hymns by Professor Triggs of the University of Chicago, and Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews of the Nebraska University. That there is a great amount of poor poetry and cheap sentiment packed away in most hymn-books is apparent to every judge of good poetry and reader of good English. That it has not become the scandal of the church and a matter of public protest on the part of the truly cultivated long ere this, is owing to certain subtle but far-reaching influences which ought to be understood, and it is high time that these influences should be exposed in the interest of true piety and good literature. We think of three forces that are at work in blurring the literary sense when it deals with the hymn-book and in reconciling people of judgment and of good taste to the use of hymns that offend both judgment and taste.

The first element in this confusion is found in the vicious divorce between things sacred and things secular, the assumed line between "literature" and "scripture," things that pertain to the spiritual interests of man and the things that enlist his intellectual, artistic and ethical nature. So long as the church is supposed to be a sacred enclosure under hierarchical administration, a ghostly institution whose chief business it is to save souls to some celestial kingdom after death, so long will the hymns, sermons, prayers and other "means of grace" be exempt from the wholesome scrutiny of the critic and be released from the higher standards of culture and refinement.

The second reason allied to this is that hymn-books are seldom compiled by those who are masters of good English themselves or are extensively acquainted with the masterpieces of their own language. Great literature is seldom fostered by "committees" but hymn-books are generally manufactured by such committees. "Pious Associations," "Devout Unction" and "Sound Doctrine" are the chief concern of the hymn-book maker.

Lastly, the "vested interests," the commercial anxiety of the "book concern" and the denominational publishing house have a debasing influence upon the hymn-book. The desire to make the hymn-book contribute to the denominational fund as well as to the denominational pride and ambition interferes with the literary judgment and suppresses the anxieties of culture and intelligence. There are not great hymns enough to go round all the denominational publishing houses. Sectarianism does not run easily into rhythm, and dogmas often interfere with the poetic instinct, the trustful attitude and the devout sympathies of the great heart.

We are glad then that these gentlemen have called attention to the incongruities and infelicities of the hymn-book. If they yielded to what Emerson calls "the itch of over-statement," the only dignified answer to be made is like that made by the *Record-Herald* of Chicago. Adopting Angelo's maxim, "I criticise by creation," this paper has been giving its readers from time to time masterpieces in hymnology, the unquestioned successes, the great English psalms of religion. The editor of this department must soon realize the limited material to his hand. He will help enforce the conclusion which every lover of good hymns must arrive at, that our hymn-books are too bulky and too numerous. Worship is universal. Religious trust and hops and the songs of love and loyalty find the same welcome in all confessions. The human heart at its best is not sectarian, and the human intellect in its highest loyalty is not dogmatic. The small but great hymn-book, the great hymn-book because small, is not yet made.

Whoever will go in search of the twenty-five greatest hymns in the English language and will publish them when found in connection with tunes equally classic, will give to the home, the conference room, the Sunday-school room and the church the adequate hymn-book they have not yet found. It will be a book that will revive psalmody and give new life to social worship and a new meaning to church and to Sunday.

"The Young Man and His Opportunities" in the Ministry.

Two classes of young men will find an open door into the ministry today:

The "good young man" without much originality of mind or independence of spirit. The young man with a clean character, who can accept the conventional interpretations of creeds and texts, the man represented by the Rev. Mr. Gascoigne in George Eliot's story of "Daniel Deronda," a man of "moderate views, upon whose shoulders rested lightly the honors of easy authorship." He who, previous to his ordination, was simply "Captain Gaskin" but, after taking orders, added a dipthong to the orthography of his name. The young man who will take "polish," represent the conventional "respectabilities" and be able to preach the "gospel of the proper and the becoming," without touching the hot questions in civics or in theology will find many a "city pulpit" with a good, living salary awaiting him, and he will find the opportunity of doing much good on the well-prescribed lines of the conventional church and the conventional pastor.

But he will fail to receive the support of the strong men and women in the community and will miss the inspiration of the clearest thinking and the highest leadership of the day.

The second class of young men for which there is an opportunity in the ministry today, is the men who dare do their own thinking, who, believing in the eternal realities of religion and the pressing demands of morals, will set themselves to the high task of squaring theology with the latest developments in science, art and literature, men who will not only believe in the continuous revelation of the eternal, but will try to interpret the same, regardless of bishops, synods and councils. The young man who will dare bring the revelations of his study into the pulpit, and will brook no interval between his thinking and his public speech, is the young man that many a community is looking for. Such a minister may encounter heresy trials, may find no place in any of the established churches, but the people are waiting for him and in proportion as he is able, consecrated and vigorous in body and mind, will he find his opportunity.

To the young man or young woman possessing these qualities there are no openings in society today more tempting and more sure to bring the rewards dear to the scholar, the philanthropist and earnest friend of truth and righteousness, than the progressive ministry; there is no position today so independent, so free from intimidations and entanglements as that of the independent man in the pulpit, the man who thinks what he says, and who dares say what he thinks. There are thousands of communities in the United States, the better intellectual life and the civic conscience of which are untouched by the churches waiting for such a minister as I have indicated.

I repeat, then, only the "good young man," who is willing to subordinate the intellectual life to his emotional and religious nature, and the good, strong young man who is determined to combine these two, to demonstrate the possibility of uniting vigorous thinking with reverent service, need look to the ministry today with any hope of finding an open door.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in a Symposium in The Conservative, Aug. 15, 1901.*

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

Born in New York in 1859. Was graduated at the Normal College of New York and appointed instructor in English literature there. Has published two volumes of verse, "Oberon and Puck: Verses Grave and Gay," 1885; "The Ride to the Lady, and Other Poems," 1891. As a poet she has sincerity and strength united with artistic and womanly feeling.

The Dandelions.

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the selfsame spot
A crowd of veterans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray,
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after.

The Ride to the Lady.

"Now since mine even is come at last,—
For I have been the sport of steel,
And hot life ebbeth from me fast,
And I in saddle roll and reel,—
Come bind me, bind me on my steed!
Of fingering leech I have no need!"
The chaplain clasped his mailed knee.
"Nor need I more thy whine and thee!
No time is left my sins to tell;
But look ye bind me, bind me well."
They bound him strong with leathern thong
For the ride to the lady should be long.

Day was dying; the poplars fled,
Thin as ghosts, on a sky blood-red;
Out of the sky the fierce hue fell,
And made the streams as the streams of hell.
All his thoughts as a river flowed,
Flowed aflame as fleet he rode,
Onward flowed to her abode,
Ceased at her feet, mirrored her face.
(Viewless Death apace, apace,
Rode behind him in that race.)

"Face, mine own, mine alone,
Trembling lips my lips have known,
Birdlike stir of the dove-soft eyne
Under the kisses that make them mine!
Only of thee, of thee, my need!
Only to thee, to thee, I speed!"
The Cross flashed by at the highway's turn;
In a beam of the moon the Face shone stern.

Far behind had the fight's din died;
The shuddering stars in the welkin wide
Crowded, crowded, to see him ride.
The beating hearts of the stars aloof
Kept time to the beat of the horse's hoof.
"What is the throb that thrills so sweet?
Heart of my lady, I feel it beat!"
But his own strong pulse the fainter fell,
Like the failing tongue of a hushing bell.
The flank of the great-limbed steed was wet
Not alone with the started sweat.

Fast, and fast, and the thick black wood
Arched its cowl like a black friar's hood;
Fast, and fast, and they plunged therein,—
But the viewless rider rode to win.

Out of the wood to the highway's light
Galloped the great-limbed steed in fright;
The mail clashed cold, and the sad owl cried,
And the weight of the dead oppressed his side.

Fast, and fast, by the road he knew;
And slow, and slow, the stars withdrew;
And the waiting heaven turned weirdly blue,
As a garment worn of a wizard grim.
He neighed at the gate in the morning dim.

She heard no sound before her gate,
Though very quiet was her bower.
All was as her hand had left it late:
The needle slept on the broidered vine,
Where the hammer and spikes of the passion-flower
Her fashioning did wait.
On the couch lay something fair,
With steadfast lips and veiled eyne;
But the lady was not there.
On the wings of shrift and prayer,
Pure as winds that winnow snow,
Her soul had risen twelve hours ago.
The burdened steed at the barred gate stood,
No whit the nearer to his goal.
Now God's great grace assoil the soul
That went out in the wood!

The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

Religion as an Experience.

A Paper Read Before the New York Conference Session of the Congress of Religions at Buffalo, June 29, 1901, by Prof. William Newton Clarke, D. D., Hamilton, N. Y.

Religion is an experience, or it is nothing. The philosophy of religion is not religion to the philosopher, or the study of comparative religion to the student, or the writing on religion to the writer. The recognition of religion as an inalienable element in human life is not religion. We are not without danger in our time of making misjudgments on these points, and supposing religion to be found in our thoughts about religion. But religion, from so far back in the human career that no man can trace the beginning, is an experience, or a group of experiences. It began, and has continued, in the experimental sense of unseen realities, the consciousness of man that he has to do with powers and authorities above him, and the certainty of man that he can somehow hold communion with these invisible powers. How these convictions came to primitive man, we may some time know, or we may never know: it makes no difference to the present purpose. Sometime and somehow men became inwardly sure that there were invisible powers with which they had to do, that they needed to have converse with these powers, and that they did have such converse and possess the fruits of it; and this is religion. That these higher powers are variously conceived, that the modes of address to them are of wide variety, and that religion is consequently now rich and now poor in blessing to mankind—all these are matters of course. But in all its forms religion is an experience: it is a consciousness, a sense of need, an aspiration, a dread, a joy in God, a practice, all in the genuine reality of actual life.

Self-consciousness, as we name it, was undeveloped once, but that day is past. Experience is not now left alone, it is noticed, studied, discussed. Whether it be for the better or not, we in our time are impelled to analyze our experimental processes, and test their validity, and see just what they mean to us. For us it is inevitable that religion as an experience should be a theme of question and analysis. In discussing it to-day, however, we will pass by the earlier stages of religion, interesting though they are, and confine ourselves to religion as we know it now. There have been ages of lower conception and grosser practice, not in vain, helpful and satisfying more or less to the souls of those ages, but of these there is no time to speak at present. Religion as we are concerned with it to-day has experienced a great transition. It has passed over from the realm of outward forms to the region of the soul. When we who are gathered here speak of religion, we mean something that has to do with the invisible soul within, in its invisible relation to the invisible reality above; and our thoughts are in some good degree faithful to this invisible spiritual quality. Outward forms have been left behind, and the inward reality abides. The problem of religion at present is the problem of the soul and its God; the struggle is the struggle of the soul after its God; the experience is the soul's experience of its God; and all goes on primarily in that silent and invisible realm where religious forms are nothing, and only a spiritual reality can suffice. From this interior region the outward life is governed; and experience in this region, sending out its controlling power to life and conduct, constitutes religion.

Religion has always consisted in sense of need, in aspiration, in submission and consecration, and in communion with powers divine. If religion lives on in the present time, those experiences must continue, in forms adapted to religion after that great transition which has just been mentioned. This is exactly what occurs. If we inquire what is sought in religion now, and ask what experiences form the goal of religious aspiration, the answer is not difficult. The deepest experiences of the soul are now involved. Time was when gods were regarded as influences in the battle of life, and men sought their special and distinguishing favor for the sake of the help which they hoped thus to obtain in their common undertakings. Time was when religion was used as the means of securing good harvests, of averting calamities, of escaping the dangers of nature and ensuring its help. Religion was an implement or appliance for promoting worldly prosperity or securing one's own interests. All ages have known something of this, and this latest age has not altogether passed beyond it, even among those who ought to have learned better. But in that great transition which has just been mentioned this conception of religion is left behind. It is for the success and welfare of the inner life, not of the outer, that religion is needful. The soul with its God is the subject here, and the soul's dealings with its God proceed on a higher plane than men first supposed. No longer physical good and material gain, but rather spiritual good and moral gain, is sought in religion; no longer harvests, but virtue; no longer exemption from nature, but superiority to nature and restoration to a truer nature; no longer deliverance from temporal troubles and calamities, but deliverance from whatever would harm the spirit and depress or pervert the spiritual life; no longer good in the lower realms of being, but good in the highest. It is purification, uplift, inspiration, holiness, manliness, hope, love, power to all that is worthy, that religion seeks as the boon to be desired. It is in the experience of longing and seeking for these high gifts from God that religion must now consist. Thus religion, in this highest stage of its unfolding, takes hold upon the deepest needs of human kind, and proposes an actual experience of satisfaction for them. The experience of religion involves experience of human weakness and sin and need, and experience of uplift into freedom and holiness and moral power. The good old word salvation has not been superseded yet, for expression of what men need and what in religion they seek and find. Experience in religion is experience of being saved from evil into good through divine fellowship, and of being lifted out of weakness and failure into holy power and success in spiritual existence.

The difficulties of religion in our time are due in great measure to the fact that religion has passed on and up into this high spiritual region. We have entered upon the better and harder way. We have begun to pass on from earthly into heavenly regions. We have come away from dependence upon outward forms, into the place where the spirit in its own darkness and silence must commune with the invisible good; away from the seeking of visible and temporal gifts as our chief quest, to the fixing of the heart upon those spiritual and ethical blessings which only a purified heart can worthily desire. At least this is beginning among us to be accepted as the ideal in religion. But experience in this realm is a great and exacting thing. It cannnot be otherwise. When the soul grapples with its deepest needs, and will call nothing satisfactory that does not offer them a reasonable satisfaction, then great work is in hand, far more difficult and exacting than any other work that has ever been set before religion. In that time religion will surely have its difficulties, unknown before. But then also comes the day of hope, for then has the supreme problem of human existence at length been brought where there is possibility of solution.

If we inquire what must be the element of power in such experience of religion—what gives strength and

hope in this endeavor after the highest things—the answer is ready. The element of power and hope is the conception of God which enters into experience. "As gods are, so are religions," is a saying that we may safely take for true. Men worship according to what they worship; they aspire according to what they see above them; they obey according to the character that gives law to them; they are strengthened in character according as they believe in divine character. There have been all sorts and grades of belief about the divine powers, but in the part of the world with which we have connection there has been a steadily increasing conviction that the divine character is good, and worthy to be trusted. In the highest forms of religion that the world has known, God stands out in perfect goodness. There may be differences in different minds as to what constitutes goodness, but in the best religious light it is perceived that all that men can conceive as good exists in God in full perfection; that God is all that we can think of good and infinitely more, and that he can absolutely be trusted by all souls that he has made. In the highest forms of religion, experience of this conviction is the uplifting power. Experience of the conviction that God is good means the committal of one's self to his helpful grace, with simple confidence that he is both able and willing to bless the soul with all fullness of blessing; it means the adoption of his goodness as one's own ideal and object of pursuit; it means high hope, springing from the eternal supremacy of the One who is all-good. In the goodness of God is found salvation, hatred of sin, cleansing from sin, inspiration, uplift; in the goodness of God is found the highest aim for one's own life; in the goodness of God is found great expectation of the success of goodness. Say if you like that our thought of God is constructed out of our own materials; that the goodness that we attribute to him is such goodness as we have learned to know from our human experience, and that thus we project our own best conceptions to the supreme place and name them God. Let it be so: even then we have, none the less, the inspiring conviction that all good is gathered up in one Supreme who is our Father; and in the experience of possessing such a certainty we surely have the clue of hope and the key of power. Moreover the best testimony of religion is that all best human judgments and aspirations lead on and up toward what is true; that our Father meant us to learn divine goodness from human, and that when we place the best highest we at least affirm the thing that is. The reaching out after goodness supreme is no vain endeavor of a misguided race; it is the true movement of a race created for truth, and it brings us not to fiction, but to reality. Conviction of the eternal goodness will be found to be conviction that stands forever, for it is destined to be vindicated as true by all our progress as we follow on to know the Lord.

Thus it comes to pass that religion as an experience consists at the heart of it in experience of God. It is experience of the good God, holy and helpful, who hates all evil and delivers from it, who inspires all high hope and good endeavor, and who brings our existence to success. Experience of this God, firmly trusted as the only God that lives or can ever live, is the experience of religion at its best.

But how obtain experience of God? or rather, what experience ought to be regarded as experience of God? Here lies one of the main religious questions of our time, and one that has wrought deep perplexity in many a soul. If we say, "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good," many a soul answers, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" Yet on the other hand many know and are sure that they have a true and trustworthy experience of God, and that they can tell in what it consists. The experiences that these report are not all alike; in fact, they offer a wide variety; but genuine experiences of God many are sure that they possess. Nay, genuine experiences of God many do possess, and many more may possess. There is every reason why one should not hesitate about affirming it. In a Conference of Religion, let the announcement ring as a note of joy that passes words. Men have experience of God, and all may have it.

There is a mystical experience of God, often ecstatic in its tone. Often this emerges in the history of religious life, and often we are pointed to it as true and typical. There is an inner light, a personal certainty, a discernment of God. The soul has a sense of contact, a direct meeting, a communion with God himself. There comes communication of pardon and life to the soul; there is assurance, gladness and rest, in the sense of divine presence and indwelling. There is a mystical and immediate perception of God which brings rapture and opens heaven on earth. In it there is deep sense of mystery, and overwhelming solemnity, and joy unspeakable and full of glory, and the soul lives and walks in the light of the Lord in strength and gladness. That there may be self-deception in such experience, who can deny? and yet who can deny that such experience is genuine? It has come to the ignorant and simple-hearted, but not to these alone. It has come also to the intellectual and intelligent. Who condemns it as an empty dream? Who says that Madame Guion in her prison, with her rapturous sense of the present God, was led by a lie, or that George Fox had no inspiration? If there is no God, then of course this is all delusion. But if only there is a God that lives and loves, and loves to be loved by men, then there is no reason to say that he does not manifest himself to souls in this direct and inspiring fashion. Mystical experience of God is among the true experiences.

But mystical experience of God is not the only true experience. The mistake that such experience often suggests is just this, that it comes to be regarded as the only sure and trustworthy way of knowing God. But hosts of men and women who certainly know God if any one knows him are without the mystical and ecstatic knowledge, or comparatively so. It is not certain that the richest and most lasting fruits of divine experience are commonly found in this region. If this were the only way, it would certainly appear that experience of God must be occasional and irregular; for moods vary by the necessity of human nature, and ecstasy does not abide but comes at intervals, and the mystical sense can scarcely be a constant thing. There must be other forms of experience that take rank at least as high as this.

From the mystical and ecstatic experience of God, we come home at once to the opposite extreme, the common experience of life, and consider this as a field of experience of God. Surely it seems probable in advance that the great experience of religion runs through all. Is religion a matter of special moments, of pauses and departures from life, of asides and exceptions? It has often been so regarded, but is it not rather a matter of all life and all time? If it be true that there is one God alone, relation to whom constitutes religion, then religion, we would naturally expect, will be a constant thing, covering all that life contains. Relation to God is perpetual. God changes not, and is always the same toward us: religion therefore ought to be a relation that is unchanging and always available as an element in life to us. So experience of God may well be looked for always and everywhere. Since God is in all things, why not find him in all things? Why should there not be experience of God in every act and contact of our lives? If we listen for his voice, why always turn the attentive ear toward the heavens? Is his voice always a voice from heaven? That is one of the bygone notions, attendant upon the doctrine of an absent God. God as we know him may be found here as well as

there. If we listen toward heaven alone, we may miss his voice on earth. We do not need the poets to tell us of God in nature, though we are thankful for them, for we have felt his presence there. Nor does our experience fail to give us perception of God in human life. Lowell says,

> "God is in all that liberates and lifts,
> In all that humbles, sweetens and consoles;"

and Cowper,

> "From thee in all that soothes the life of man,
> His high endeavor and his glad success,
> His strength to suffer and his will to serve."

We are familiar with the thought that the voice of conscience is the voice of God, which though it may easily be misconstrued is a gloriously true thought when rightly understood. Our moral judgments represent God to us. God speaks to us in our own best thinking. All sound principles in our hearts are his teachings. All our best convictions are his gift. We have experience of God in the helpful lessons of our life, in the sense of sin and the need of repentance, in the calls of duty, in the influence of good souls upon us, in the reproofs that experience administers, in the sense of shame and the sense of glorying, in the comforts and inspirations that find us, in the teachings of sorrow and disappointment, in every upward call or correcting guidance. These are his utterances to us more truly than if they were written on the sky, for if they were written there we could only read them, but now we find them in ourselves, and thereby find God in our own experience.

That in these common experiences of life we have experience of a religious nature, is a lesson that men deeply need to learn. We call it love, we call it duty, we call it trouble, but we do not call it God. When shall we understand that our relation to the world, to life, to men, and to ourselves, is a part of our relation to God, and thus enters into the sphere of our religion? This has been often overlooked, and religion has been so largely separated and shut away from life that many earnest souls have almost feared to recognize God himself in all life, and find religion everywhere. But when we come to the true understanding, and enter into our birthright, every experience of life becomes to us an experience of religion, and religion as an experience comes to be co-extensive with life itself.

The experience of God and of religion has yet another form, implied perhaps in what has been said, but needing to be dwelt upon a moment by itself. It is a form that there is special need of learning, and of learning to call by the religious name. It is easy to assume that experience of God must all be interior and personal, and of such a nature that we must needs notice it. Religion has long been accounted a thing by itself, and conscious and subjective religious experience has often been assumed to be the only genuine kind. Religion has been like a stream flowing through the meadow, all within its banks: if you wish to know how full the stream is, look at the stream. But why, after all, should experience of God be all subjective? Why should it all be such that we can mark and name it? Can we not meet God except where we can say, "Here I see myself meet God?" Is there no experience of religion but such as can be noticed, measured and called by name? Religion is not best compared to a stream flowing through the meadows, all within the banks. It is more like light filling the atmosphere, not to be measured, not to be noticed for what it is in itself, but rather to be used. Where you can see, there light is. Religion does not care to be noticed always. God does not care to be noticed. Experience of God and religion is not all conscious, deliberate, recordable. It is sometimes unnoticed in itself, but is known by its fruits.

The best experience of religion comes in self-forgetful experience. It is when we are not watching ourselves to see whether we are getting experience that the strongest and most valuable experience comes. At its best, religion as an experience is like health as an experience. It consists in free and unconscious living under the influence of our relation to God, and possession of the spirit that fellowship with God brings in.

The salvation of the individual has often been taken to be, for the individual, the aim and end in religion. This old assumption is quite true, if salvation be rightly conceived. Salvation for the individual consists in brnging the individual out of selfishness into love. Salvation is not accomplished until self-forgetfulness has come in. All good experience in religion receives its crown in the entrance of love that goes out, after the likeness of the good God, beyond one's self. In this we clearly see that experience in religion is not complete, and in fact has not entered the sphere of its own perfection, till one has gone beyond thinking of his personal welfare, and forgotten himself in the desire to do good. Experience in religion consists in catching the mind and spirit of God, and being moved to action by his gracious impulse to save and bless. God is love, and the truest experience of God, and so the best experience in religion, consists in experience of love like his. To catch the spririt of him who for the joy of usefulness that was set before him endured the cross, despising shame, and to love and serve in the will of self-sacrifice, this is to enter farthest into religion as an experience.

The true life of religion is life in that relation to God for which we were created; and that relation to God for which we were created is a relation of filial love toward God and of self-forgetful love toward men. In all such coming to our true and normal estate of love we experience God and live in religion, and perhaps all the more truly if we so forget ourselves in our work and purpose as never to know whether we are having experience or not. God is in nothing else more truly than in the gifts and workings of his own gracious likeness. Hence we have experience of God, and experience in religion, in the increase and deepening of the spirit of love, in desire to do good, in zeal for truth and righteousness in the world, in absorption in useful service, in holy self-forgetting, in deepening of brotherly human interest, in hatred of all evil that spoils God's creatures, in delight in all that makes men better, in love that impels to sacrifice. Love is of God, and he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. We may analyze and criticise such experiences, and find them very imperfect, especially if they are in ourselves where we can see their weakness best, and yet we rejoice to know that there is a fine reality of unselfish love in the world, and that such love is of the nature of religion.

The sum of the matter is this. Religion is of the heart, since God is a spirit, and from the heart it fills the life. Experience of religion is experience of living in that relation with God which our human nature claims and which, since God is good, it is our privilege to possess. Sometimes a clear inner light illumines the field of religion for us, and we have inspiring sense of immediate fellowship with God. Always in the common experiences of life, and especially in the deeper experiences of spiritual existence, we may find God and live in our true relation with him. And whenever the godlike longing to do good is upon us, and the holy zeal of love consumes us, so often is the experience of religion rising to its divinest height and doing its noblest work. Religion as an experience in its higher forms is the crown and glory of human life, since it puts us in our true relation to our spiritual source and end. In its lower forms it is still a sustaining and enlarging element in human life, since man was created for that which is above him, and all ventures of his

soul toward it are helps to the fullness of his being. The best that we can desire for humanity is that religion as an experience may be founded in recognition of the eternal goodness, may grow simple, clear and constraining, and may do its work in all men.

Higher Living. XVI.

Let the child's religion be capable of expansion and as little systematic as possible; let it lie upon the heart like the light, loose soil, which can be broken through as the heart bursts into fuller life. If it be trodden down hard and stiff in formularies it is more than probable that the whole must be burst thro' and broken violently and thrown off altogether when the soul requires room to germinate.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Those who tell me too much about God; who speak as if they knew his motive and his plan in everything; who are never at a loss to name the reason of every structure and show the tender mercy of every event; who praise the cleverness of the eternal economy, and patronize it as a master-piece of forensic ingenuity; who carry themselves through the solemn glades of Providence with the springing steps and jaunty air of a familiar; do but drive me by the very definiteness of their assurance into an indefinite agony of doubt.—*James Martineau.*

"Oh, where is the Sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through,
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue,
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea,
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings,
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things,
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."
—*M. J. Savage.*

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace.
—*Lowell.*

Positive, very positive, is the influence of a right kind of religious culture, even upon very early life. Not, however, as we see religion manifested in older people should we seek to secure it, but, simply, a feeling of reverence and love for, and a tendency toward personal realization of, the better moods and strivings of the parents themselves, who, to the infant comprehension, are very much the same as God himself appears to be to that of older people. "Father" ought to be made to stand for the strength, right activity, and ultimate accomplishment, which, if tempered with kindness, yet admits of no question. "Mother" ought to stand for the loving constancy, exactitude of detail, and unbounded sympathy, which, if tempered with a forceful firmness, yet gently constrains to righteousness. Both together ought to be the veritable embodiment of God to the little mind; that is, of the principle which underlies feeling right, knowing right so far as possible, and doing right so far as the little one can see. Better this, I am sure, than the exaggerated sense of awe, not to say awfulness, which so many children get, to their lasting distress and hindrance. One day a mother took her young family and a guest on a picnic. Just as they were about to eat the "goodies" spread temptingly in the sweet shade, her little three-year-old boy commanded "Stop!" and then, dropping his head, continued, in a tone as heavy as it was sepulchral, "G-r-e-a-t God!" "S-a-c-r-e-d God!" after which he looked up smilingly and said, "Let's hurry and eat." There was no mistaking the mimicry of some clergyman he had heard, nor the tremendous notion that he had gotten of God. The effect was certainly not less startling than ludicrously suggestive of antecedent experience.

In order that the child may eventually become thoroughly educated in lasting ways of reverence and obedience, and also may get rightly started in the very essentials of higher living, there is need that he be firmly led to establish such associations of feeling with conduct as will forever be a foundation for his future development. To this end, he should be very early encouraged to see the handiwork of God in every natural thing and process,—in his pets, his flowers, the wind and sunshine; and, likewise, to reflect upon how wonderful and how complete it all is, even when something appears that seems to show defect or evil; for, the wonderful perfection of things as they really are cannot be too early, or too intelligently, or too faithfully inculcated. Teach always the wisdom and beneficence and power of God as a positive fact, but be very careful about saying that God can do everything, or is angry, or is in any way "special" in his providence. All this makes the child perplexed and often logically distrustful of a God who can, but will not, do as to him seems the best way. If we cannot explain disorder and pain we certainly can say that, did we know enough we probably could, and that we must be good and wise and dutiful so as to lessen these all we can, even though we cannot explain them. Moreover, there should be wise care, even in attempting to teach the elevating idea that God is a Father who loves us all the time, even though he cannot prevent our suffering; for, to the child-mind, this will have to appear simply as an extension of the more concrete idea that earthly parents love their children always, even though they cannot always keep them from being hurt, or sick, or naughty. Keep away from the common talk about the "attributes of God," "freedom of will," and "original sin," and all the rest of the absorbing and perplexing technology. Worth more than it all can ever be, for young or old, is the daily or more frequent repetition of a few of the grand, sweet, truly spiritualizing sentences and stanzas which may be easily selected, from the Psalms, the words of Jesus, and the higher literatures of all ages. These, deeply engrafted upon the growing sensibilities, and, especially, if associated with the quiet hour of personal communion and confidence, will prove to be an unfailing influence in all the shaping of the individual character, while, later in life, when away from parental direction, the spirit, because of such early and appropriate training, will naturally tend to seek the higher communion and confidence and help, not only in the hour of dire need, but in that of simplest gratitude and aspiration.

Undoubtedly the dangerous days in the religious training of very young children come, when they ask the many very natural questions that no one can answer: "Where does God live?" "What makes you pray to nothing?" "Who will read the service for the last man?" "If Jesus lives now, where is he?" "How do they get up to heaven?" "Where do babies come from?" "Who made all the world?" "Do they have pancakes in heaven?"—who has not been troubled deeply that, after all which has been suggested over

and over again, by conversation, by church, by the Bible, there have never been suggested answers equally comprehensive and lucid, to inform and convince? Evidently, the usual stock terms either convey no meaning whatever to the infant mind, or else they bring up imagery as remote from the parental conception as possible. A little girl came home from church with the question, "How do they get blood into a mule's veins?" suggested by the conventional singing of the familiar hymn,

> "There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Emanuel's veins."

Another begged her mother to give her beloved rector that "two cents" for which he so often prayed—her interpretation of "give us a due sense of all thy mercies." Matthew Arnold's little folk talking about Prince Albert's death was overheard—Dicky telling Lucy that he was gone to Heaven. Upon which Lucy answered, "Should I like Heaven, Richard dear?" "Oh, yes, darling," says Dicky, "so much! there's *tookey* there, and toy-shops, and such *beautiful* dollies!" And so it is everywhere, save when little ones, parrot-like, use set phrases in the place of their own word concepts. Indeed, it is as impossible for the ordinary child to get anything but the vaguest sort of idea through words, at this stage of life, as it is for them to carry a man's load on their shoulders. And, for the very same reason—its physical as well as ideational elements are as yet not well enough developed to admit of it. Nor does the precocious exception prove contrariwise. For, as a rule, even here it is all concrete and crassly anthropomorphic, only of a different, and sometimes not so wholesome, order. Religious priggishness is no more desirable than the most natural indifference. Indeed, it may more seriously interfere with timely development of real religion in the growing soul.

Not by words, or definitions, or arguments, or conventional formulas, then, is the child-spirit very much helped on its eternal way. Happy, indeed, if it does not get absolutely blocked, by some of the ponderous abstractions that we so inappropriately, even if most earnestly, cast before it. Nevertheless, at every turn, in every step, every hour, is it re-endowed and shaped and advanced by that which was before speech, which is the soul of speech, which makes every mode of expression truly significant; namely, Life Are we ignorant, in the face of word-questions suggested chiefly by efforts to mimic older ones who so glibly use these terms; are we appalled, at the dark and devious caves into which even infantile curiosity seeks to lead us; are we doubtful of being able to guide the persistent enquirer into the paths of righteousness, marked out by the church; are we ourselves overawed at the mystery that will not be revealed even in the hour of our utmost self-abnegation and absolute trust? Then, let us fall back upon the unfailing potency of our own higher living, in the sustaining consciousness that, simply by this, we are the exponents of everything worth while, whether explicable or not; and that, by this, we will surely and always impress the young nature appropriately, and so fulfill all righteousness, both to ourselves, and as parents. As a rule, even the best people have been taught to demand and require something specific which they can magically use, to bring about desired results. But Life itself is thoroughly self-communicable, aside from specific rules and words. Through it, everything becomes a token—the meanest service, the greatest mistake, as well as apparent success and fullness of reward. One thus endowed is suffused with the light which he cannot help radiating to all, and suffusing them in turn. Upon life—upon life—ever fuller, freer, more idealized, unceasingly realized life, let the perplexed parent ever rest, even when knowledge fails and perplexity waxes. The one who can feel that his or her own confidence is thus life-founded, need not fear misdoing the will, or ultimately knowing the true doctrine. "Perfect love casteth out fear", should be written over the portal of every nursery.

Yes, instead of grieving over our incompetences, let there ever be sustaining faith in the abundance and potency of our own growing life. When the little one asks what we cannot answer, let us be honest and say so, and not juggle with the child-mind by using terms that it can in nowise understand. Nor need acknowledging our ignorance be all. We can always add, "But if we do as we ought, and study hard, and try to feel right toward everybody, perhaps we shall know sometime"; and, following this, we can try to set the example with all diligence and persistence. The parent who is a growing personality, a reverent seeker of the truth, and a devoted doer of it, is the best answer the child can ever have. And every day this growing and seeking and doing can be kept up—through good report and evil, through success and failure, through joy and sorrow, alone, and with others,—every day, everywhere, some broader addition to knowledge, some deeper insight into basal facts, some higher hope, some completer self-realization. This, always, if we only see the uses of it, and feel that uses and not joys are the main object of all our life. The parent who can thus idealize the commonplaces of daily life is sure to inspire the awakening child-spirit in directions Christlike and immortal. And this is done, not by specific instruction, not by learned answers to searching questions, but by the going in and out of those who, having learned, are now guided and confident.

SMITH BAKER.

Expression is a necessary form of spiritual exercise. You cannot produce art and leave man out.—*Richard Wagner.*

Exile has been the lot of many who tried to live for vanity, justice and truth when mad riot raged—*E. Hubbard.*

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SUN.—That harmony only can live which once had its dwelling place in a great and tender heart.

MON.—Wherever men and women work together and for each other we find beauty.

TUES.—Individuality is a departure from a complete type, and so is never perfect any more than man is perfect.

WED.—Before the memory of all those who wrote immortal books behind grated bars we stand uncovered.

THURS.—We need not rail at fashion; it is a form of periodicity, and periodicity exists throughout all nature.

FRI.—All great art is simply the honest, spontaneous, individual expression of soul emotion.

SAT.—All extremes cure themselves, for when matters get pushed to a point where the balance of things is in danger of being disturbed, a Reformer appears and utters his stentorian protest.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

Whose Fault?

If men were a little more tender
To women—more faithful and true—
They would not care for a larger share
Of work in the world to do.
If homes were a blessed refuge,
Where loving were at its best,
The better part of a woman's heart
Would cling to its peace and rest.

There never yet was a woman
Who did not hunger alone
For the love denied and the manly pride
Who cherished her for his own;
Who would not give wealth and power,
And the glittering things of life,
For love-lit eyes, for the priceless prize,
The crown of mother and wife.

If the husbands were but lovers,
Who cared to pet and praise,
There would be no fret in the trials met
In the frictions of the days,
There would be no passionate yearning
For a something in her heart,
For the soul that strives in the restless wives
If the husbands did their part.

Oh, if men would but be tender
And loving, they would find
Love would rebound the whole world round,
And lives be sweet and kind.
There would be no talking of equal rights;
No search in the skies above;
For woman's care is a larger share
In the kingdom of man's love.

—*Housekeeper.*

How He Became a Catholic.

"Cats have feelings like the rest of us, too," says a lady in the New York *Tribune,* "and show them in much the same way sometimes. My husband is a Protestant clergyman. A Catholic priest lives not far from us, in the same block, but we had never made his acquaintance. Some years before I got the cat I now have we had an unusually large Tom, with yellow patches of fur on a white background. He was a great favorite with the children, especially with the baby, who was never contented unless Tom sat on a chair beside him at meal times and had a share of everything the baby himself ate.

"One day the children received a present of a little black-and-tan dog, and they were so delighted with their new pet that Tom was left in the cold. When dinner-time came he got up in his accustomed place beside the baby, expecting to be fed. But baby would have nothing but the new pet, and so the dog occupied the place of honor, and Tom had to be thumped to make him get down.

"It was an insult that called for blood, and watching his opportunity after dinner, Tom pitched into that dog and was giving him an awful licking when the children with shouts and blows fell on the cat and beat him soundly till he fled.

"When the novelty of the new pet began to wear off, however, as it did a few days ago, inquiries were made for Tom again. But no Tom could be found. Then it became known that nobody had seen him since the children beat him away from the dog. Tom was evidently lost. Perhaps the beating had broken some of his bones and he had crawled away to die. Great was the wailing, but no cat could be found. Two or three days after that I passed the Catholic priest's house, and there, inside the sash, seated on the window sill, washing his face in the sunshine, I saw the big yellow and white spots of our Tom. He had deserted us and gone over to another faith. I told the children and they went and got him, but no coaxing or petting could persuade him to stay in our house an hour after they let him have his liberty. He could not forget our desertion of him in favor of a rival, and so he stays still with the priest, who gives him an excellent character. We shall never succeed in making him a Protestant again."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Turning His Talent to Account.

Monsieur Brillat-Savarin, in his *Memoirs* of his time, gives the history of several of the French nobles who fled to England to escape the guillotine. Among those who found themselves penniless and without profession or craft by which to earn their bread was a Comte d'Albignac of old and noble family.

One day, while seated in a cafe in London, three or four young English noblemen sat down at a neighboring table to dine. Presently one of them came to him and said, "Monsieur, I have heard that all Frenchmen excel in making a salad. Will you do us the favor of mixing one for us?"

D'Albignac hesitated, but then gaily sat down with them and prepared the salad. He had great skill. The men ate with enthusiasm, and exchanged cards with him at parting. But one of them with the card pressed a sovereign into his hand.

D'Albignac trembled with rage, but a quick second thought kept him silent. He was a nobleman. None of his race had ever earned money. But why should he not earn money? He had this little art: why not use it to make his bread? Was it not more honorable than to live, as many of his fellow refugees were doing, on the charity of their friends? He bowed to the company and put the sovereign in his pocket.

The next day he was asked to go to a large mansion where a dinner party was to be given, to dress the salads. His salads became the fashion. He was summoned to every large entertainment, and his skill enabled him to charge large sums. He remained in London for a few years, and then, with his savings, returned to France, bought a small estate in Limousin, resumed his rank, and lived comfortably for the rest of his life.

This little story touches upon a vital point of difference between our own and European social habits. No American, whatever his birth or income, feels himself degraded by earning money. The danger on our part is quite different. We are apt to forget that there is high and noble work to be done in the world which does not bring in money. Such work may well be undertaken by men whose income is assured. If more of them would give their time and effort to science or to politics instead of to the amassing of hoards which they do not need, the whole nation would grow stronger and purer.—*Youths' Companion.*

UNITY

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Vacation Notes and Musings.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS.—The remark of a chance acquaintance the other day on the beauty and interest of a pilgrimage in summer-time to the different New England colleges, or even to those of Massachusetts only, Harvard, Williams, Amherst, Wellesley, Smith and Mount Holyoke, led the writer to a grateful review of the colleges and universities it has been her good fortune to visit. What a series of varied pictures and experiences memory called up, reaching from girlhood days clear down to date! She can call no one of them all her *alma mater*, and has but a summer acquaintance with them at the best, but when she runs over the list she faintly realizes what an influence the American college is in the lives of many more than those who win its diplomas and honors, or share in its fraternity life. It is not so much that an early ancestor was president of Harvard, that grandfather and father were graduated from Williams, that one uncle stands well up on the alumni role at Amherst, and several more at Brown, that a gifted cousin, born and educated in France, gave the modern language instruction in the early days of Wellesley, and that Smith adorns the town where another grandfather braved social ostracism and gave ceaselessly of life and means to found a Baptist Church. "Three times," said that grandfather's wife, "my family made my husband independent, and each time he put everything into the Baptist Church." No, it is not such associations alone, or chiefly that affect one; it is in the subtle combination of associations with their setting that the charm lies.

As one runs over the list of these thought-centers of ours, how often the words come to mind: "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." What occupied the hilltops in the old world? The burg, the schloss, the castle, the chateau, the watch-fire and the beacon. Is it significant of the subtler dangers which beset us that the university crowns so many a hilltop now?

Still further back it was the temple. One can but remember that when she finds herself unconsciously humming the old Sunday-school song: "I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill, for the Savior whispers love me," as she climbs the height to some of these temples of learning that dot our land. Surely, if they are what they ought to be, a time is coming when we shall not need to go to Cambridge and Oxford for a consciousness that we are looking on some of the very sources of history and life!

And how national and characteristic the American campus is! Between the cloistered and quadrangled seclusion and beauty of the great English universities and these open, unwalled uplands where our students live, there is the same difference that English friends note so quickly in the setting of our homes. We have no privacy, they say. An Englishman must have his "walled garden" somewhere, and feels as if all the privacies and sanctities of life were in jeopardy, if not impossible, in an American residence street, where every home stands visible in its setting of grass and flowers without a trace of fences. England is more truly democratic than America, we are told; but there is this democracy she has not attained to which seems instinctive, spontaneous, almost unconscious and a matter of course in America; the perception that the beauty of the natural world, even where we preserve or cultivate it, belongs to every comer. The American gives thanks that here one does not have to mount his vehicle with a step-ladder if he would see the beauty along street or highway, and that his universities are set unwalled upon the hills.

Such are some of the musings of a non-collegian, whose summer outings have added to her university collection mental pictures of the great tree-shaded tent on Chicago's campus, with its overflowing throng of Sunday worshipers dominated by the plain, strong face, and simple eloquence of Dr. Marcus Dodd enforcing the lesson that the true test of religious life is social service; of Madison, in her setting of hills and lakes, playing hostess to the American Library Association; of Cornell's unequaled campus with glorious sunsets over lake and valley, and twilight organ recitals in Sage chapel; and, lastly, of Syracuse University on the heights with the old home city, erstwhile so familiar, ever growing and expanding at her feet.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—To come down from musing to fact, many UNITY readers will learn with sympathy and regret that our old friend, Samuel R. Calthrop, has been laid up at his home here most of the summer with a broken leg. One can imagine somewhat how irksome the confinement was to such a lover of nature and athletics, but he has borne it well. Forewarned by the doctors, he has been careful of his diet; has taken systematic exercise for arms and body, and come through with little or no disturbance of general health and good digestion. The cast having been removed from the injured member, he has gone, in spite of the stiff knee, to his beloved camp on Skancateles Lake. The church has extended his vacation two weeks, so that he will not attempt to meet his people before the third Sunday in September. The ladies of the congregation had early in the season made up a purse, which they presented to Mr. and Mrs. Calthrop, with the request that they use it for some especially restful outing this summer. Plans were made for a sojourn in the North Woods, when a dead horse left by some one temporarily near the driveway entrance to Primrose Hill, caused this unfortunate accident to Mr. Calthrop on his own premises, and upset all plans and calculations. Now, however, Mrs. Calthrop goes, with one or two friends, to Fourth Lake for a fortnight's much needed rest and relaxation. M. E. H. gladly accepts an invitation to be for one week a member of the party, after which she goes on to greet old friends in the Unitarian Church in Albany, and may send UNITY word of their achievements. M. E. H.

Foreign Notes.

Unitarianism in Wales. With all the linguistic accomplishments of our "Editor of Foreign Notes," there is one little corner of the world in which liberal religious thought is quite active these days, from which she can make no gleanings from original sources and that is the Unitarian life in South Wales, confined chiefly to two or three counties, the activities of which are reported in *Yr Ymofynydd*, the monthly organ published in the Welsh language. The August number rejoices in a triumphant annual meeting of the Welsh Unitarian Association, held July 23 and 24, at Llandyssul, the Rev. T. Lloyd Jones of Liverpool, Vice President of the Association, whose visit to America a few years ago made him pleasantly known to many of our UNITY readers, preaching the English annual sermon. Most of the exercises were in Welsh. The *Enquirer* of London gives an English account of the meeting which is prefaced with an historical sketch that will be of interest to our readers, as it gives us a glimpse of the original Jenkin Jones who, one hundred and seventy-two years ago found himself at a storm center of liberal thought. We wish the story of this unique liberal movement, reaching back through so many generations, could be made more available to English readers.

The history of religion in these parts has never been written. We have traces of early Druidism and Catholicism in some of the place-names in the neighborhood; but no living representatives. Nonconformity, however, flourishes. Though it is not known that John Penry (1559-93), the morning star of the Reformation, extended his labors into this parish, there can be no doubt that his influence, like the ashes of Wyckliffe, spread far and wide. "It hath been my purpose," said the young man of thirty, "always to employ my small talent in my poor country of Wales, where I know that the poor people perish for want of knowledge; and this was the only cause of my coming out of that country where I was, and might have stayed privately all my life." At thirty-four his career is cut short by his enemies, and he is cruelly dispatched, his wife and four children among the spectators. But the good cause, even though John Penry's body, like that of John Brown, lies mouldering in the grave, is still marching on! John Penry's mantle was picked up by Stephen Hughes (1620?-88), one of the 2,000, who was ejected from Meidryn. He did not confine his ministrations to one spot, and owing to the persecuting spirit of the age, he had to be very careful in his selection of a place of meeting. The old cave of Cwmwhyplin, nearby, is held sacred to this day, because of the shelter it afforded him and his fellow-worshippers in their time of need. For some time previous to 1698 meetings for worship were held under an immense oak tree at Pantgwyn; and about that time, or shortly after, the old chapel of Pant-y-creuddyn was built on the Gellifaharen estate.

It was in 1721 the Rev. Jenkin Jones (1700?-42) entered Carmarthen College, and there probably he caught the infection of heresy, which he conveyed later on to his mother church, making it the storm center of that movement, that revolt from Calvanism, which spread over a large part of South Wales,

causing many heart-searchings, and making the orthodox associations look to the safety of their fortifications and to pass resolutions. Dr. Thomas Rees gives the date of the "Great Arminian Controversy" as 1729; but Jenkin Jones had built Llwynrhydowen, the first church founded in Wales in the interest of Free Thought, in 1726. At the time of his death, in 1742, Mr. Jones "had the satisfaction of seeing six or seven influential ministers and their congregations brought over to embrace and profess his sentiments."

The present association, whose first meeting in the new century was held on the dates mentioned above, was first incorporated at Neath on Friday, October 8, 1802. Its objects, as explained in the circular published in 1803, were to stem the tide of infidelity which was then spreading over the land, to maintain the cause of the Christian religion, search its contents, defend its truths, and place its doctrines within reach of the public.

A Glimpse of Colorado.

My face has been toward the window ever since leaving Solida. People are interesting always, but just now they seem far away. The clear peaks against the colors of the sky touch the spirit more closely after the dust, the heat, the crowd of the last three days.

The splendid panorama of the mountains, which began to unroll as we approached Denver yesterday, ceased to be a picture when we plunged into the Royal Gorge today and can not become unreal again, however far the heights withdraw on either side, and the fair valley opens toward the west. There is a cleft in the southern range. Perhaps a river makes its exit there; but it is far away and we pass it by with apparent indifference. Nothing could be farther from our intention than to enter there. This is a land where the sun shines every day in the year but is sinking tonight in billows of golden clouds. Presently the sunset swings round behind us. Are we retracing our path? There it lies parallel but beneath us. Now we turn again. The cliff close upon our right shuts out the evening sky and a lamp is lighted. People begin to talk. But on the other side the view is open. A noisy brook almost at our feet comes tumbling to meet us along the winding gorge that narrows as we advance like the inaccessible heights of a nightmare.

We are climbing the hills. Back and forth like a ribbon on the folds of a garment winds the little narrow gauge road and both ends of the train, short as it is, are visible at once. The panting engine pushes out around a spur and we look down the length of sinuous curves behind us to the green valley filled with light whence we have come. This is the very cleft among the hills which we passed by only that we might turn and enter at an easier grade. Beyond lies the famous Marshall Pass, but our route lies in another direction.

Conversation in the car is brisk. Evidently that man in the next seat but one has been here before and has a willingness to impart information to tourists, beyond that furnished by the railroad time table. I venture to ask the woman in front of me if she knows what he said. No. She has not been listening. Clearly it is all too familiar to her to be of special interest but she is good natured and proceeds to instruct me on her own account.

"You wouldn't think there's a road away up there would you?" she asks, nodding at the steep on our left across the stream. I look incredulous despite the marvels of the last hour. "There is. I've been over it. You'll see in a few minutes. We cross that bridge ahead there and come right back this way on the other side of the creek only higher up, then make a twist off 'round that peak and up over another into the next valley." And so we do.

The scenery here is less picturesque though the strain of the ascent is increasingly evident. With my eyes on the excellent wagon road half way down the side of the ravine and the dry bed of a winter torrent far below I listen while a new voice takes up the theme. The man who, up to this time, has been giving information to the car in general, has had one ear open toward his wife. Now he leaves two children asleep and comes back to relieve her of the task of enlightening my ignorance.

"You've never been through here before, have you? Well, you're seeing it under pleasanter circumstances than we did the first time we came through. It was four years ago in October that we got into the station we've just left back here by the bridge. The half-devoured carcass of a deer lay by the station platform where a mountain lion had pounced on it and killed it the night before. The station agent heard the row but he didn't care to take a hand in, so he and his wife and children lay still and went to sleep again with nothing but a window between them and the fight. I'd started to haul my stuff over the pass but the snow was four feet deep on a level and no trail. I had to give it up. Her and the children I left in the nearest town back here till spring and after all had to take by goods in by rail. It was pretty discouragin'. We didn't know whether we was goin' to make it or not. I'd borrowed four hundred dollars of my father-in-law back in southern Iowa to get out the country with. The baby wasn't a year old yet and we had six others besides him—these two youngest was born here. But I tell you with the debt and the children and not bein' able to get over the divide things looked pretty bad for us. But me 'n her had pretty good health and the climate seemed to agree with the children. I went to teamin' and doin' any sort of work I could get. When spring came we got over the pass and settled down on a little place. There was plenty of work and it wasn't easy but we got along and took care of the children. Our big boy has bought another piece of land and moved out on it since we went on this trip. Fact is we worked awful hard and we got all tired out. She wanted to go back and visit her folks. And I was just as homesick as she was. We felt we could go just as well's not. We'd paid off that debt and kept the family goin'—we couldn't have done that in Iowa and we'd prospered some, so we could afford to take a rest. And we went. We've been gone three months. But Iowa ain't just as we remembered it; don't look as we thought it did. Wouldn't stay there now if we could as well as not. Glad we went. It's done us good. We're more content. Things cost more here but its easier to earn the money to pay for them and we begin to see our way clear. We're in a hurry to get home. We got word Monday that our boy had been sick a week, very sick. We was eight miles from a postoffice and forty from the railroad and we thought we could get here sooner than we could get a letter back so we started and got the train Tuesday night. We've been delayed and we're tired but we're most home.

"This is a pretty healthy region only there's a good deal of pneumonia and its often fatal. Doctors are few and far away. It's rather bad, too, for them as has weak hearts, on account of the altitude. We're pretty well up. We're climbin' two hundred and seventeen feet to the mile here for three miles. Queer thing happened when they was layin' out this road. The engineering party got to the junction all right and there they got stuck. It was a boy of twenty who showed them how to get out of that valley over into this one. He took their instrument and run the line over the top of a mountain ten thousand feet high. The rest was easy enough. There's a level piece up here as big as a good sized farm, but nothing'll grow on it. Season's too short and too little water. You'd think them fallen trees would be rotten but they're full of pitch and solid as when they fell. There are cabins out where I live thirty or forty years old, that look like new. Timber won't rot in this air and sunshine. We live twelve miles beyond the next station but we ain't expected so we're going on and the conductor will let us off at a switch only three miles from home." So my neighbors tell me much of themselves and their world, so different from mine, and I am glad to see how well worth while it all is to them and how they enjoy it; while the little engine goes panting up, up into the clear twilight of the peaks and sliding down, down into the next valley. The evening air grows chill. The stars come out. How near they look!

We are on the long descent into the valley of the Rio Grande. This portion of it, I am told, is eighty miles wide and a hundred and eighty miles long and I shall presently ride over a strip of road fifty-three miles long as straight as an arrow, the longest piece of straight track in America. All of which, and much beside, I believe unquestioningly until corrected by better authority on the morrow.

Meanwhile the night has come. I wonder how my fellow travelers will manage with those three sleepy children.

"Will you leave them at the station while you go home for a team?" I ask, and gasp at the reply, "There ain't any station. It's only a switch. I wouldn't dare leave them, there's too many ugly varmints 'round; mountain lions and such like."

"And I wouldn't dare be left," says madam. "I'd rather walk."

"But the children," I interpose and I look again at the eldest, not yet five, the sturdy three year old and the baby of seven months. "Oh! I'll carry the baby, of course," the father says. "The others will make it all right. They are rugged young mountaineers." So doubtless they do. Tired, burdened with many parcels, anxious about the sick youth to whom they are hastening, but happy to be so near home and, in the main, satisfied with their lot; I see them drop off, black dots in the darkness and know my sympathy is wasted, even while I feel a catch in my throat as I lean out of the window to call a last good bye. I wish I knew how they found their boy. He is a good boy they said—and one of nine!

Truly they have cause to be content. They need no one's pity.

E. H.

Pan-American Special.

A magnificent new train, via Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," leaves Chicago daily 6:00 p. m., serving dinner, arriving Buafflo 7:45 next morning, via Niagara Falls. Send 4 cents postage for illustrated Pan-American Souvenir. O. W. Ruggles, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

The Congress of Religion.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

Seventh Annual Financial Exhibit of the Congress of Religion

From June 1, 1900, to June 1, 1901, with Appendix to August 22, 1901.

RECEIPTS.

Amount in bank June 1, 1900		$ 75.90
Collection at Midwinter Congress in Chicago		8.52
Inter-Parochial Bible class held at All Souls Church, Chicago		79.26
Sale Boston Congress proceedings		2.00
ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS:		
Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill	$ 10.00	
Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, Ithaca, N. Y	5.00	
A. G. Becker, Chicago	10.00	
Oscar Rosenthal, Chicago	5.00	
William C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y	10.00	
Thomas Kilpatrick, Omaha, Neb	15.00	
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva, N. Y	20.00	
A. Slimmer, Waverly, Ia	10.00	
Hon. W. D. Hoard, Fort Atkinson, Wis	5.00	
Miss Lena L. Wood, Monmouth, Ill	5.00	
Edwin S. Brown, Chicago	10.00	
W. D. Washburn, Chicago	5.00	
J. W. Plummer, Glencoe, Ill	5.00	
W. L. Sheldon, St. Louis, Mo	5.00	
Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo, Mich	5.00	
Miss Emily Howland, Sherwood, N. Y	5.00	
Rev. John S. Brown, Lawrence, Kan	5.00	
Mrs. Caroline J. Kleinstuck, Kalamazoo, Mich	10.00	
Adolph Nathan, Chicago	5.00	
Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Berkeley, Cal	5.00	
Fanny Torrey Sturgis, Boston, Mass	5.00	
William H. Fish, Jr., Colorado Springs, Col.	5.00	
Miss Annie B. Ford, New Harmony, Ind	5.00	
Mrs. Mary Carswell, Dixon, Wis	5.00	
Mrs. R. H. Kelly, Chicago	5.00	
Thomas D. Howard, Charlestown, N. H	5.00	
Edwin D. Mead, Boston, Mass	5.00	
Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis	5.00	
Miss Jane Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis	5.00	
Mrs. Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill	5.00	
Mrs. M. N. McKay, Indianapolis, Ind	5.00	
Miss Hannah Parker Kimball, Boston, Mass.	5.00	
Miss Mary R. McArthur, Chicago	5.00	
Mrs. Dennis Murphy, Jeffersonville, Ind	10.00	
George Stickney, Grand Haven, Mich	5.00	
Henry L. Frank, Chicago	5.00	
Mrs. Henry L. Frank, Chicago	5.00	
Miss Juniata Stafford, Appleton, Wis	5.00	
Mrs. C. A. Beck, Chicago	5.00	
Rev. Charles F. Dole, Jamaica Plain, Mass	5.00	
Rev. George S. Shaw, Ashby, Mass	5.00	
James Harris, Janesville, Wis	5.00	
H. Weinstock, Sacramento, Cal	10.00	
A. Bonnheim, Sacramento, Cal	5.00	
Anthony Sawyer, Princeton, Ill	5.00	
Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Kansas City, Mo	5.00	
S. W. Lamson, Chicago	5.00	
		$ 300.00
SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS:		
Alfred E. Giles, Hyde Park, Mass	$ 1.00	
Rev. J. H. Crooker, Ann Arbor, Mich	4.00	
J. A. Cooper, Youngstown, O	50.00	
Rev. Thomas F. May, Providence, R. I	2.00	
Rev. Tacy Mathew, Enfield, R. I	1.00	
Dr. Henry Berkowitz, Philadelphia, Pa	1.00	
Rev. Henry Mottet, New York City	2.00	
Rev. H. F. Bond, W. Newton, Mass	1.00	
"Illinois Granger"	100.00	
John C. Haynes, Boston, Mass	100.00	
Rev. E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y	25.00	
Rev. R. Heber Newton, New York City	100.00	
C. H. Williams, Fennimore, Wis	1.00	
		$ 388.00
SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM SOCIETIES:		
All Souls Church (Rev. R. Heber Newton's), New York City	$100.00	
All Souls Church (Jenkin Lloyd Jones's), Chicago	200.00	
Woman's Club, Isaiah Temple, Chicago	10.00	
Unity Chapel, Hillside, Wis	5.00	
		$ 315.00
Total receipts		$1,168.68

EXPENSES.

Postage	$ 64.32
Clerk's salary (May, 1900, to January, 1901)	600.03
Telegrams	3.17
Express	2.71
Postal cards	6.39
Printing	181.86
Letter heads and envelopes	13.10
Typewriter supplies	4.65
Mimeograph (one-third cost)	5.00
W. S. Key (balance for services at Boston Congress)	5.00
Rev. G. R. Pike (Mid-Continent Congress expenses)	10.00
Rev. J. A. Rondthaler (Mid-Continent Congress expenses)	10.00
Total expenses	$ 906.23
Balance on hand June 1, 1901	$ 262.45

ADDITIONAL RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES to Aug. 22, 1901.

RECEIPTS.

Amount in bank June 1, 1901		$ 262.45
Collections at Buffalo Congress		13.85
Sale Congress reports		1.00
ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS:		
Miss Jane Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis	$ 5.00	
Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis	5.00	
Rev. R. A. White, Chicago	5.00	
Miss Lena L. Wood, Monmouth, Ill	5.00	
M. S. Jaffee, Sacramento, Cal	5.00	
F. M. Hunter, Versailles, Mo	5.00	
Miss Addie Benneson, Chicago	5.00	
W. C. Gannett and friend, Rochester, N. Y	10.00	
Rev. F. O. Hall, N. Cambridge, Mass	5.00	
S. C. Mason, Chicago	5.00	
Adolph Loeb, Chicago	5.00	
W. S. Pearce, Waukegan, Ill	5.00	
Dr. L. G. Janes, Cambridge, Mass	5.00	
Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Boston, Mass	5.00	
Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Berkeley, Cal	5.00	
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva, N. Y	10.00	
Miss Anne F. Miller, Geneva, N. Y	5.00	
Fred E. Smith, Greeley, Col	5.00	
Mrs. J. W. Greenleaf, Hillside, Wis	5.00	
Miss Emily Howland, Sherwood, N. Y	5.00	
Prof. T. G. Duvall, Delaware, O	5.00	
		$ 115.00
LIFE MEMBERSHIPS:		
Miss Ellen Sabin, Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee, Wis		25.00
SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS:		
O. T. Bright, Chicago	$ 1.00	
Edward W. Emerson, Concord, Mass	3.00	
Miss Hettie Moore, New Castle, Pa	1.00	
E. C. Hegeler, La Salle, Ill	100.00	
"Illinois Granger"	50.00	
Eli Hodder, Chicago	1.50	
		$ 156.50
SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM SOCIETIES:		
Unity Church (W. C. Gannett's), Rochester, N. Y	$ 10.00	
People's Church (Dr. H. W. Thomas's), Chicago	45.00	
Temple Sinai (Rev. Max Heller's), New Orleans, La	10.00	
		$ 65.00
Total receipts		$ 638.80

EXPENSES.

Postage	$ 8.06
Printing	18.75
Clerk's salary (February-April, 1901)	201.01
Telegrams	.97
Office expenses	.50
Miss Ellen Sabin (expenses Buffalo Congress)	25.00
Prof. T. G. Duvall (expenses Buffalo Congress)	14.40
Rev. Frank O. Hall (expenses Buffalo Congress)	25.00
Mrs. Florence Kelley (expenses Buffalo Congress)	21.00
Hon. J. A. Taylor (expenses Buffalo Congress)	40.00
General secretary and stenographer (expenses Buffalo Congress)	75.10
Prof. W. G. Everett (traveling expenses Buffalo Congress)	23.40
Prof. Geo. Wm. Knox (traveling expenses Buffalo Congress)	25.00
Prof. J. W. Jenks (traveling expenses Buffalo Congress)	4.90
Benjamin F. Trueblood (traveling expenses Buffalo Congress	21.50
Dr. Orello Cone (traveling expenses Buffalo Congress)	11.50
Expenses of local committee at Buffalo	11.95
Total expenses	$ 527.04
Balance on hand August 22, 1901	$ 111.76

LEO FOX, Treasurer.

AN EMERSON PROGRAM.

In these days when ministers are planning their winter's work, and it is to be hoped an increasing number of study classes are getting ready to do some cooperative work in the interest of their intellectual and spiritual life, a suggestion from so expert a program maker as Mr. Gannett is valuable. So we take the liberty of reproducing the program leaflet recently issued for the use of his Emerson class in Rochester, New York, for the season of 1902. EDITOR.

Like the Bible, "Emerson is a perennial, of whom one must always say 'I read him,' never 'I have read him.'" After spending seven winters chiefly with Goethe, Browning and Tennyson, we return to our own Great Master. Wherever we have wandered in our studies, it has always been as an "Emerson Class." Four books of his we read together. Two of these we will read again—the "Essays, First Series," and "Nature, Addresses and Lectures." They are his earliest two, spanning in their origin the years 1836-1844, and hold in germ and substance most of what the world means when it says "Emerson." "1834 was the beginning of a new era to him," writes his son; "in the next ten years the greatest portion of his life-work was done." Moreover they were the stirring years of the "Transcendental Movement" in New England. Whether one comes to these essays for the first time or the tenth, he will have his reward.

In our reading this time we will join the two books and group their contents so as to make kindred essays throw light on each other. (See program below—two essays being omitted.) Correlated essays in Emerson's other volumes will be named on request, if any one desires wider readings.

Let me make a few suggestions:

(1). *Read Emerson himself before you read about him.* Do not fear him; he is not hard to understand. Do not accept him without challenge; he is not infallible, is not complete. Read reverently, yet critically. What does he give you? What does he *not* give, but seem to lack for you?

(2). *To the above make one exception.* A charming way to study the essays will be to read them in connection with Mr. Cabot's "Memoir of Emerson." Chapters VI.-XIII. make the background to our special period. This Memoir, and "Emerson in Concord," written by his son, are the all-sufficeint Lives. When one has read these and our two and twenty essays, then —to name a few among the many critics—it is time for comment such as Arnold and Morley offer, and Burroughs, Stedman, Cooke, and some of the Concord lecturers on the "Genius and Character of Emerson," and, among more recent writers, Chapman, Wendell, Albee.

(3). *Write a brief analysis of each essay,* not more than two or three hundred words in length—an index of all leading thoughts, with page references. To do this *well* will compel us to read and re-read carefully, make us intimates of Emerson's style and mind, and—a great help—index our essays for future readings; and it is admirable mental discipline.

(4). *Number the paragraphs* for convenient reference. *Underline,* but sparingly, what you feel sure are the greatest sentences. Note specially all *"Scripture" passages.*

(5). The copyright has run out, so that our two volumes can be bought in ten or twenty-five-cent forms. But one should own Emerson in form to last a life-time. The best form is Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "Little Classic" (98 cents), or "Riverside" ($1.38) edition. The little five-cent anthology of Emerson is well worth buying in quantity, for give-away purposes. (Unity Mission Tract, No. 20. Ten copies for 25 cents. 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.)

In Class:—Only those who try to read the essays in advance of meetings are invited to join our class; but all such are invited. In return, let each one bring to every meeting two or three ideas or problems from the essays of the evening, which he would like to hear discussed. If too timid to speak, do this in writing and hand to the leader. But conversation. free and self-forgetting, is alone *success* in such a class. Let us plan for more of this than ever. Of course, in class we must turn pages rapidly—"pausingly, yet pressingly;" perhaps dealing with but one essay of a group. The single fifteen-minute paper is meant to be in some sense a reflection of the evening's theme. The reading of one of Emerson's poems may close the meetings, if members will select the poems beforehand, fitting them to themes.

Mr. Gannett will ask this year the help of a Class Committee, to share with him the responsibility, and plan, in general, for the welfare of the class.

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II. THE SCHOLAR.
Read "The American Scholar" and "Literary Ethics."
Paper: "Emerson in Concord—Man, Workman, Townsman, Home."

III. THE MAN OF IDEALS AND THE MAN OF SENSE.
Read "The Transcendentalist" and "Prudence."
Paper: "A Meeting of the Transcendental Club."

IV. THE CONSERVATIVE AND THE REFORMER.
Read "The Conservative," "Man the Reformer," "The Times."
Paper: "A Day at Brook Farm."

V. THE LOVER.
Read "Love" and "Friendship."
Paper: "A Conversation from Margaret Fuller."

VI. THE SOUL *versus* THE CHURCH.
Read "The Divinity School Address."
Paper: "Emerson's 'Ought.'"

VII. THE ONE IN ALL.
Read "The Over-Soul" and "Intellect."
Paper: "Emerson's 'Ineffable Union.'"

VIII. SPIRITUAL LAWS.
Read "Spiritual Laws," "Compensation," "Circles."
Paper: "Emerson's Optimism."

IX. NATURE AND MAN.
Read "Nature" and "The Method of Nature."
Paper: "Emerson's Influence: Sixty Years After."

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